SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Articles.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Arab Steed.

BY MISS F. S. OSGOOD.

I'm not my own Arabian, again to dare the strife,
Free from my groom's wiles, I breathe, once more, the breath of life.
My limbs that beat with scorn beneath the tyrant's galling chain
Are free to bear me, to strike with fear, across the desert plain.

I turned my back—I spied with fire—my gallant crest and tail to see—
Where's my thick tooth, I brag,—O, Prophet—Allah be!
Away, away, no eagle could outvie me more lightly fly
Across the trackless desert! see, no hound escapes the sky
Like to the bird that lightly skims, our joyous deep blue main,
We speed—we speed—my gallant soul! no wave is on it more!

Speed, speed my steed! from yon mast, no! Allah forbid!
Bright pinnace, fleet and dashing as those dart and flutter, our war cry Allah, ho!

The rich in name, my gentle mare, shall proudly mate on high,
The noblest rank as graceful as the rainbow of you sky!
No shame can fret us proudly still, no stooping, no fleet, no flight,
Nor wear, for them set as the mind, my knife's right hand shall speed upon our own Arabians, and he at our bit feet fleet.
My gentle dove, my Zuleima, my soul doth long to greet.
Then speed across the desert sands, that bruise knight and slight of steed,
Two true to this art not another's sands, when united as one breed.

They wear a load—a many spot—of Arab love the breast
The hottest sport, the noblest thing, what rapture to that breast!
Then take my father's knife's reed, the true and golden cup,
For which I would die night command—now! Rider, speed away!
There's a shout of war, of battle loud, there's a moaning cry
Of victory and triumph proud, there's a shout of victory!
Bell Zuleima and Selim hear; they alone shall see again
Their steed—that he suffered fear, the air does bruise again.
Then to Arabia's arms once more brought safely
Allah, to you,
For all the darkness, fears by hope, but wait cry, Allah, ho!

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Elopement,

AN ADVENTURE IN VENICE.

Otho cast a glance at his friend, whose expression of despair awoke his most earnest sympathy.

"What's to be done?"

"Nothing can be done," replied the stranger—"All is lost."

"Despair is never quite despair," said Otho—"I may be of service to you. It is not well that we should be seen together. Meet me this evening, at the 'White Lion,' and then I will hear your story, and we may be able to contrive a good stroke, under cover of the darkness with our counsel

every exertion to save our lives. Can I trust to your co-operation ?"

"You may," said he, frankly grasping my offered hand, "but," he continued in a low voice, "it is a fearful chance."

"Glad known if a soul shall survive it !" I answered solemnly.

For nearly an hour every thing that ingenuity could devise, or courage effect was done to arrest the progress of the flames. My own crew and that of the consort vessel worked together with the alacrity which mutual danger always inspires, the hatches were closed, the deck made air tight, a hole cut through the planks for a hose, and a stream of water forced constantly down upon the fire. But all was in vain. The flames increased with frightful rapidity, streams of smoke began to burst through the seams, and the deck forward of the main-mast become so hot as to be inexpressible. The men at length ceased their exertions, and stood sullenly gazing at the progress of the fire.

Meanwhile the storm, though still violent, was rapidly abating; but as the wind decreased, the swell became more tumultuous, until we were rolling frightfully, and during helplessly before the gale. A party had been engaged in clearing out the boats, and stocking them with provisions, in case of the emergency which had now arrived; and Captain Healey had just come to my side, suggesting an immediate resort to them, as all hope of saving the ship was now lost, when a loud voice forward shouted,

"The magazine—the flames are within a foot of the magazine."

If the knell of the last day had rung in their ears the effect could not have been more electric upon the men. Without pausing to reflect that no one could have ascertained the fact without having been in the hold, and that for more than an hour the hatches had been fastened down, the crowd rushed tumultuously to the quarters, and though a few of the older seamen endeavored to arrest the excitement, the fears of the rest having now obtained the ascendancy, nothing could stay the flight of the crew. In vain I threw myself before my own men; in vain Captain Healey exhorted his followers to pause—the silence of the last few minutes had filled each mind with vague fears, and the dread of an explosion now carried away every thing before it. Coolness, discipline, reason, were all whirled away before the tempest. Dashing aside their leader, the cowardly wretches crowded to the boats, filled them instantaneously, and cut the tackle by which they were suspended. The effect was fearful, as we had planned it. One of the boats was swamped within a second after her occupants had left the deck, and another had actually dropped a fathom astern before she took the same fate. It was an awful spectacle. A few shrieks ; a few wild oaths ; a few struggles in the water, and all was over. The black outline of the barges were seen a moment as they floated bottom upward, and then all vanished together into the darkness astern.

A moment had scarcely elapsed since the first alarm before the catastrophe was closed. The ery—the rush—the horrible, fearful end of the unequaled men had passed like a dream ; their wild shrieks had died upon the air, the obscurity had closed around them, and we were alone. Alone, on a burning wreck, destitute of boats, and momentarily expecting the magazine to explode. Accustomed as I was to danger the blood curdled back to my heart, and I felt for a moment as if I was only left for us to die.

"The Lord have mercy on their souls," ryaen, Laid the deep end of the lead-line, and retain it at rest, up he drew a long breath, and turned away from the sight.

"Atomy," was my fervent answer.

For a minute not a word was spoken. Each one felt the horror of our approaching end, and a breathless silence pervaded the little group that had remained faithful to their officers. And then were indeed few. Besides old Tafloal, who through all had stood firmly at the helm, there was only one other of any cmue, and two or three gray-haired British seamen.

"Captain Healey," said I, at length, " we have but one hope, and the worst we resort to it the better. Let us form a raft."

"It is almost useless," said he, shaking his head despondingly. "the sea is so high that we shall have the spars shaken to pieces under us before we get them."

All attempts to stay the fury of the conflagration were now given up, and our whole attention turned to the formation of a raft. Spars were hastily selected, lashed together, and the whole secured with other spars and lashings. We worked with such activity that before an hour had elapsed, we had succeeded in making at least a partial protection for ourselves from the violence of the waves.

At much hazard to himself Captain Healey had ventured so far forward as to be enabled to see that the flames were raging down in the hold in a direction which, for the present, removed all danger from the magazine ; and reassured by the discovery, we resolved to continue on board the ship until morning should break, of the gale subside. We had, however, ordered out the provisions, and a small keg and on the bulwarks, in order to be ready to embark, if necessary, at a moment's warning.

The gale was now rapidly subsiding ; but the sea still ran mountain high. The wind had fallen to a mere head breeze, and the clouds were breaking rapidly overhead. The wreck meanwhile drifted like a log before the gale, now rolling her gunwales under, and rocking uneasily on the long transatlantic swell. The whole forward part of the devoted ship was now a sheet of fire, and as her favorable pine became heated, they went off with a report like thunder ; while upon the flames roared through the portholes, streamed up her sides, and sent their fiery tongues howling on high. At times a puff of wind would whirl them in eddying around, or showers of sparks would be borne far down to leeward. As the conflagration heightened the more fantastic grew the scene. The flames licking round the mast, the forming sky above, the agitated seas around, and the lurid radiance flung upon the group—presented a picture which no pen can adequately describe. Every thing was tinged with a ruddy hue. The edges of the clouds above, and the curling caps of the billows around us were crimsoned with the glare. The heat became intense. Already the timbers began to crack, and the roar of the flames in the hold to deepen, when an exclamation from the sole quarter-master called every eye to a new danger.

No danger had we been occupied in the various of that dreadful night, and absorbed in watching the progress of the conflagration, that we had overlooked a danger not less pronounced and especially to ourselves situated in the hull during the fight, and the thumping of the mainmast against the bows as it dragged along the quarter, had opened them to such a degree that we had been gradually filling, and having now sunk some feet aft, had attained a point where the injustice let in the water in perfect torrent. The range around as they broke through the bulk-head, followed by the simmering of the flames below, and a jet of steam that beat up the flooring as if it had issued from a boiler, warned us of the new danger only in time to save our lives. Instantly comprehending our situation at a glance, old Tafloal and myself sprang to the helm.

"To the raft—to the raft."

Before the ship began to plunge and heave like a frightened steed ; while the conflict of the two elements in the hold threatened every instant to blow us into atoms by an agency equally formed. All other passions were lost in the second fear. Before a minute had elapsed we had sought refuge on the raft ; and in less than 5 hours thereafter it we were drifting a fathom or two astern of the wreck. Every exertion was made to increase our distance, nor did we cease till a calm's length intervened between us and the burning ship.

It was well we had taken warning when we did ; for scarcely had we got out of reach of danger before the wreck rolled, heaved, gave a bursh, and lifting her stern up until it was almost perpendicular, sunk down, like an arrow, into the fathomless abyss. The suction was so violent that even at our distance the frail raft trembled as if it would fall to pieces. A whirlpool, for a moment, marked the spot where the ship had disappeared ; the sea boiled around it as if in a cauldron ; and then the commotion died away, the swell heaved on as before and we floated alone, the only living beings within the apparently illimitable horizon.

Long, dark, and weary were the hours of that lonely endless night. We crouched at the edges of the raft, our arms ring up toward the sky, and then shooting down into the abyss, we passed hour after hour, in unsanctary expectation of death. The wash of the waves, and the jerk of the swell was almost resistless ; and had we not lashed ourselves to the raft we should have soon sunk to a watery grave. But we cheered each other with the hope of a speedy rescue, and spent the weary hours in looking for the morning dawn.

At last the daylight broke, but it brought us no relief. Far as the eye could range, a sea of billows rolled around us, unbroken by the sail of their crests of foam, as if exulting in the conflict with each other. Not a sail appeared upon the whole vast surface of the ocean. The sun rose, and then blew through the heavens before the subsiding storm ; the sunlight played merrily upon the broken crests of the seas ; and the wind had a blandness in it which would at other times have been delicious ; but all to which we could raise to our despairing hearts. With a look of deep resentment we turned from the glaring, anxious gaze around, and looked silently into each other's faces as if to read there our doom.

The first who was, as I have said, formed of spars, lashed cross-wise together ; and the weight of the timbers, together with that of ourselves, sunk it partially below the water. Every angry wave that broke over it, deluging us with showers of cold, chilling spray. As I turned to address old Tafloal I saw that he was clinging to a spar with a gigantic hollow made a breach completely over us, and we rose dripping from the immersion.

"This is only a mode of death, Mr. Daniels," said the old veteran, his gray hair glistening with brine, as he dashed the salt spray from his eyes with a brawny hand, "and many a poor fellow has been lost in a worse manner than by support as this, clinging to a broken spar, or perhaps a less-rope, or some other matter of a raft inside."

"Yes,—and as it may seem," said Captain Healey, "it's not altogether hopeless. The gale is fairly spent, and—and we had planned our raft in almost as tight as ever. True—our provisions are worthless, but many a one has lived for a week without a morsel of food, and the little water we cannot fail to fall in with some sail or other before another sunset. What do you think, Mr. Daniels?"

"I judge we are off the storm," said I, "at least from our latitude yesterday, and the sun we must have made southward in the gale, we cannot be far from its edge, and right in the track of the homeward bound fleet that sweeps from the West Indies to Great Britain."

"You are right," said the English captain, assuming a smile, "it is our only hope."

"Can't we strik upon the coast if the wind holds here a day or two more," said the young out of the sun,—the misfortune had made us all counsellors of each other, without distinction as to rank.

"No,—I fear not," said Captain Henry slowly, and as if reluctant to crush the poor fellow's hopes—"we are almost directly in the track of hundreds of miles from land, and the current is setting us away from it every minute we live. But only hope is in some chance sail."

"Ay, and there is another hope," said I, as I turned my eyes toward Tafloal, who was at our raft is almost as tight as ever. True—our provisions are worthless, but many a one has lived for a week without a morsel of food, and the little water we cannot fail to fall in with some sail or other before another sunset. What do you think, Mr. Daniels?"

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"Ay, and there is another hope," said I, as I turned my eyes toward Tafloal, who was seated on the edge of the raft, sighing at times with the dreamy intensity of the negro, looking the direction of his native land, which he always regarded as his home.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

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Business Department.

To Postmasters and Subscribers.

We request Postmasters to call the attention when they order a discontinuance will give the legal reason as fact. A paper returned and marked "refused" is no reason unless the fact is stated, and will not be attended to on that ground. It is impossible for us to find the post town at which a paper is discontinued by the name of the paper, and it must in every case of discontinuance be given as well as the name of the subscriber. We see important in this matter.

☞ AGENCY.—Mr. C. W. Jansen our agent at Cincinnati, Ohio, is authorized to receive payment for our paper from subscribers who do not remit to us. He will call on them at their residence. The office is on Harrison street, the first brick house east of Broadway.

☞ T. C. MILLER, Esq. is our agent for the Saturday Evening Post, and the Philadelphia Casket, at Auburn, New York, and is authorized to receive payment for both. Isaac as well as to issue receipts to authorize to collect the paper or the Magazine at that place.

☞ NEW YORK SUBSCRIBERS.—Mr. Wm. M. Christy is now on a collecting tour through the State of New York, and will call on most of our subscribers in that. We hope that they will be prepared to receive him.

☞ NOTICE.—DELAWARE AND MARYLAND.—Mr. Richard H. Smith is now on a collecting tour for us through the States of Delaware and Maryland, and the District of Columbia. Our subscribers will please be prepared with existing favor, and to pay the amount of their subscription.

Concerned Notice.

We have within the last few weeks been obliged to return to many of our subscribers, notice of expiration of their subscription. Many of these are entirely worthless here. Any note of a Bank, current at home, so that an exchange can be effected here, will be taken in payment for that paper. We wish to save our subscribers the trouble of remitting, and ourselves, of returning money that is worthless to us. *Send Bank notes current at home.*

Political Intelligence.

Resignation of Amos Kendall, Esq.

The Postmaster General has resigned. The Journal of this date announces that he has announced by the following card.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Finding it impossible, in consequence of enfeebled health, to perform the duties of Postmaster General in a satisfactory manner, I have resigned that office, to take effect as soon as my successor can be appointed.

Not having been fortunate enough to accumulate wealth in a public office, I am under the necessity of resuming the active pursuits of employment so as to add to my strength and condition, for the purpose of meeting the current expenses of a numerous family.

A few hours each day devoted to the pen, leaving an abundance of time for relaxation and exercise, will, I hope, be sufficient for that purpose. The amount of compensation, to be rather conducive to health than oppressive, and thus in these respects I shall secure all I want, and regarded to my present inclinations.

Messrs Blair and Rives have kindly offered me the profits of such subscription to the Extra Globe for the present session, and I have accepted my account, and I have consented to contribute to the next November next, if such a number of subscribers shall be obtained as will warrant that step.

I am the more inclined to this direction of my time from the fact that I have been unconsciously the subject of the motives which have led to my resignation. I wish to satisfy the whole world that no dissatisfaction with the President or his administration, or indisposition to render it the utmost support in my power, no distrust of its measures or its origin, has had any effect in my determination. I have not applied to a private to a public station. On the contrary, my confidence in the President is increased by his principles, and his measures, have increased from the day I was first officially associated with him; my relations with every member of our Cabinet have been uniformly of a most friendly character; and my devotion to the great measures which have been, and still are, sustaining by the Administration, known no abatement. The leading principles avowed by the President I look upon as essential to the preservation of liberty and a government of the people, and if I have erred I will not resign with a firm reliance on their success, I should have clung to office as I have to life.

In thus taking the necessary arrangements are made, people-wide, with a more extended address, to be presented to the friends of the Administration.

AMOS KENDALL.

May 11, 1840.

United States Senate.

The terms of office of the following Senators expire on the 4th of March next:

Maine,	John Ruggles,	Conserva.
New Hampshire,	Henry Hubbard,	V. B
Vermont,	Benjamin Swift,	Whig
Rhode Island,	Nehemiah R. Knight,	Whig
New Jersey,	Garrett D. Wall,	V. B
Georgia,	Thomas Stanley,	Whig
Virginia,	Wm. H. Roane,	V. B
South Carolina,	Bedford Brown,	V. B
South Carolina,	John C. Calhoun,	V. B
Georgia,	Wilson Lumpkin,	V. B
Alabama,	William R. King,	V. B
Mississippi,	Robert J. Walker,	V. B
Louisiana,	Robert C. Nicholas,	V. B
Tennessee,	Alex's Anderson,	V. B
Kentucky,	John J. Crittenden,	Whig
Ohio,	Wm. K. Robinson,	V. B
Michigan,	J. Norvell,	V. B
Arkansas,	William S. Fulton,	V. B

Whigs and Conservatives—13 Van Democrats—Five will leave parties equally divided in the Senate; and the political character of that body to be decided by the State elections of the present year.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY.—Mr. Forsyth states, through the columns of the Globe, that if his name are requested by his friends, his name will not be used or misused on the contest for the Vice Presidency. Mr. F. is of opinion that Vice Presidential contests will cause his election to the Senate of the United States, and he prefers to be that station unless it be by the decision of a majority of the fellow citizens.

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Samuel Hall and George D. Foulke, Notaries Public at Carlisle.

John Wilson, Notary Public at Washington.

RUSSELL COUNTY ELECTION.—We learn from the Harrisburg Telegraph that Mr. Washington Harrison candidate for the Legislature, in the place of T. B. McElvee, has been elected by 778 majority. McIlvaine has no competitor.

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WHIG CONVENTION.—A Whig Convention is to be held in Missouri on the 20th of June.

General News.

DAINEY THE DEFAULTER.—The Baltimore Sun states that Dainey the defaulter passed through that city on Sunday last, on his way to Richmond, to give himself up. He was accompanied by three gentlemen, who acted in the capacity of body guards, to prevent an arrest, and to hold him harmless until he reached his place of destination. An inspection of the books at the end of the week and at the southern stage office did not disclose his name, but it was discovered that one gentleman had taken the first seat for Richmond, one of which is believed, was for Mr. Dainey. If it be true that he has gone on, the public may look for some disclosure, which, if not "awful," will be interesting.

ATTEMPT AT ROBBERY.—A mulatto fellow named Sanders, was detected on Saturday afternoon in the act of breaking into the Mount Holly Bank.—He is an old convict, having but three weeks ago completed a servitude of three years in the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, for horse stealing. On his examination he said he had two accomplices, while many (this he has since denied.

ARRIVAL.—A New Orleans Source October last, 850,000 bales of cotton have been landed at New Orleans, and the receipt this season, it is said, will much exceed one million. It is piled up in the streets of New Orleans, such is the amount at present on hand, not withstanding the sum of the daily shipments.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—It is stated in the Tennessean, published at Rogersville, 25th ult. "that the Rev. Mr. Foote, a Presbyterian minister, and who was lately elected President of Washington College, was thrown from his horse a few days since, near Lexington, Washington county, and expired in a few minutes thereafter."

DEATH OF A NEW YORK.—The New Albany Eagle says that on Friday last Dr. Ellers arrived at Nauvoo county, was killed on the 2d ult. by a pistol shot in an affray with Mr. B. A. Harrison, of the same county. The latter narrowly escaped a shot from his antagonist.

RUNS IN NASHVILLE.—Nashville, Tennessee has been flooded lately with the heavy rains of the 27th, a perfect deluge was experienced, that swept everything by the board. The river suddenly rose twelve feet. Is Espy in that direction?

PLENTY OF WOMEN.—We perceive by the papers, that there are nearly 3700 women in Nashville. It is said the whole population of the town does not exceed six thousand. What a glorious place for old bachelors! Would'nt they live in such an atmosphere?

MURDER.—John J. Lamb, a youth of 17, and clerk and assistant post-master at George town, S. C., has been sentenced to ten years imprisonment for purloining $200 from a letter James Sanderly, for using and abetting, was sentenced to 15.

ANOTHER GRAND SCHEME DOWN!!!—The grand real estate lottery, at New Orleans, has turned out Mr. Louis Schmidt advertises in the New Orleans papers, that, owing to seduction and misrepresentation of managers, he has discontinued his business, and will not present any tickets.

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WHIG CONVENTION.—A Whig Convention is to be held in Missouri on the 20th of June.

CASE OF THE MURDERER LAUGHLIN.—An examination of a number of witnesses in relation to the murder of Thomas H. Laughlin, who was killed in the procession at Baltimore, took place on Friday, before the Mayor of the city and several magistrates. We take the following abstract of the testimony from the Sun. Two witnesses testified positively that Laughlin was knocked down with a club just as he had pulled the effigy down, and was about to tear it to pieces. A club being produced by the latter, he struck him on the back of the head, and killed him almost instantly. Another witness saw a young man, about 22 years of age, step back as Laughlin fell, and exclaim, "I am the man who killed him—come and take me; I'll be responsible for him." A young man named William Thrush was seen marching about with those who carried the effigy, having a large club; several others of the party had clubs also. After Laughlin was killed, Thrush was seen walking behind the man who had the stuffed figure, his club on his shoulder, and apparently with a club raised to strike. Harper's Ferry, one of Wednesday last, at half past eleven o'clock, the man who attends the lock of the canal at that place, was met by a stranger, who requested him to return the canal pass his through the lock.—He told the stranger that he would find females at the house, who would pass him through. Reading who he was his name, he left, Davis, and her two children. The children slept with her, and other persons slept in the same room.—They were attended by some boys, and on getting out of bed and procuring a light, it was discovered that to the by and his mother were dead, their throats having been cut from ear to ear. None of the persons in the room heard any one either enter or depart. The stranger next morning was not observed on an out-house, with the bloody knife in his possession, and on being arrested, confessed himself to be the murderer.—He is about 25 years old, but we have not learned either his name or his motive.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.—The 24th anniversary of this institution was celebrated on Monday evening at the Broadway Tabernacle, N. Y. The house was full,—the congregation unmixed, we should say, at least 3000 persons. After prayer by the Rev. Dr. De Witt, an abstract of the Report was read by the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Mr. Greenleaf. The operations of this Society have been extended during the past year by the financial embarrassments of the country, but the Board have gone to the full extent which the benevolence of the community enabled them to go, and much has in fact been accomplished. Addresses were made by Capt. Judd, of Mystic, Mr. and the Rev. Mr. Brainerd, of Philadelphia, and the Rev. E. N. Sawtell, Chaplain of the Society to seamen at Havre. A collection was taken up in behalf of the Society's funds.

VILLAINS CAUGHT.—The St. Louis Bulletin of the 20th ult. announces the capture of three desperadoes, one of whom named Gay, is said to be a native of Mercer county, Pa. and who robbed and attempted to murder Mr. E. S. Gage, a merchant of Fairfield, Jefferson county, Iowa. Mr. Gage was travelling on foot from Fort Madison on his way to St. Louis, and when a short distance from the former place, was attacked by the three men above alluded to, who first knocked him down with clubs, and robbed him of four or five hundred dollars. Mr. Gage was afterward found in a senseless condition, and conveyed to Fort Madison.

BALTIMORE RIOTERS.—On Saturday, a man named Charles Irvine was brought up for further examination on the charge of having assisted in the assaults committed on persons, during the procession on Monday last. It appeared from the testimony that he made himself with a bludgeon at one time, and at another with a stone wrapped in a handkerchief, with both of which he struck at persons. He was required to give bail to the amount of $1000, and being unable to do so, was remanded to prison, to await his trial in June.

THE COMMERCE OF AFRICA.—The trade of Africa is beginning to be looked upon as quite important. It is stated on competent authority, that the single article of palm oil, the value of our $7,000,000, has been imported into England from Africa in a single year. Camphor wood, which is worth $60 per ton, can be obtained in abundance at Liberia. A letter in the Merchant's Magazine, states that as soon as the roads are cut into the interior, which is a work of but county other valuable articles may be obtained in abundance for the purposes of trade and traffic.

ROBBERY AND FIRE.—The store of R. H. Pitchmond's establishment, Northampton county, in this State, was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 5th inst. Loss estimated at 3 or $900 dollars, which is not covered by insurance. On the same afternoon some of the goods were found in a neighboring barn, which, with the fact that the door had been carefully opened on the closed the previous evening, leads to the belief that the barn was robbed and set on fire by an incendiary.

YALE COLLEGE.—We perceive, by the last triennial catalogue of Yale College, that of the class which graduated in 1737, consisting of 25 students, 19 were graduates of Cambridge, two Judges of Baldwin, of our U. S. Circuit Court, and Rev. Dr. Beecher of Cincinnati. Assuming the average ages to have been 21 each at the time of graduating, the fact may be noted as of more rare occurrence.

THE NAVY AGENT OF TEXAS.—The Baltimore American announces the nomination by the Texan government of John G. Tod, Esq. Navy Agent from the Republic of Texas to the United States, having resigned and all the stores and property on hand in his museum, which was, we believe, to us presented the building of several vessels of war for the Texan Navy.

ALMOST A RIOT.—A man at Portland recently returned $300 to the cashier of the Canal Bank, having been paid, through mistake, $450 more than he was entitled to. One hundred dollars of the money had been spent by him. In his note to the cashier, he styles himself one that tried to be a rogue but somehow could not do it.

PENNY SHEETS IN CANADA.—The Tattler says that the only penny paper published in any part of the British possessions on this continent is the Transcript, at Montreal. In its business it is one of the most successful, as to its management it is among the most able papers in the colonies.

DEPOSITIONS.—It is stated that Dr. Reuben Moore left his residence near New Castle, Delaware, on the 31st of March, and has not since been heard of. His family are in distress on account of his absence, as they can assign no reason for a voluntary disappearance.

SUICIDE.—Wm. J. Campbell, a book-keeper in the house of Morrison & Jessup, St. Louis, committed suicide by cutting his throat. Pecuniary embarrassment the cause. He was the head of a wife and respectable family.

EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.—The Quebec Mercury states that the emigration from Ireland this year will be immense, and that all the ships about the St. Lawrence are actually crowded with passengers.

NEW YORK CUSTOM HOUSE.—The new custom house in New York has already cost a million of dollars. Congress made a further appropriation a few days ago, of $115,000 toward completing it.

DIVISION OF FLORIDA.—A meeting in favor of this measure was held at St. Augustine, on the 25th ult. A petition to Congress was signed.

EXTRAORDINARY COURAGE.—A sheriff's officer was sent to seize a boat recently at Vicksburg. As soon as he appeared in sight of the boat, those on board were about to cut her loose. Placing a large knife in his mouth, and with pistols ready cocked, in both hands, without a moment's hesitation, he fearlessly jumped on board. A cry of throw him overboard, only stocked him the more effectually, and approaching the person about to cut the rope, with pistol presented, he ordered him to desist. It was effectual!—the person addressed was only a deck hand, and would not risk a fight! The officer then went out the tiller ropes, and thus prevented the departure of the boat. Finding themselves baffled, those on board came into an understanding by which he became the recognised owner of the boat, with the proviso, that he should proceed on her to Alton, Ill. where the owner resided. This, notwithstanding the risk, he complied with, and arrived safely at Alton, where the owner not only paid the debt, but actually made him a present of a thousand dollars.

A BURGLAR PUNISHED.—A Natchez, Mi. paper states that repeated attempts had been made to break open the store of Mat. clay & Co. and in April one was made upon that of Mr. John E. Murray. Mr. M. hearing the sound of footsteps on the counter, leading from the street, fired a pistol. The robber turned to fly, and Mr. M. passing through the back, placed himself near the door of the cellar. The next instant the form of a man emerged from the cellar on the opposite side. Mr. M. fired his second pistol, and pursued the man for some steps. Coming up with him, he was in the act of loading his rifle, to strike him to the ground, when the man fell. He was dead. The first ball, aimed in the dark, struck above the left eye, and passing through the cool ball pierced the heart. The man was discovered to be a runaway slave.

YALE GRADUATES AND CLERGYMEN.—The Albany Argus, of Saturday, states that the President has remitted the fine of $250 imposed upon Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, for a violation of the neutrality laws, it having been shown that he was unable to pay it. The remedy of the punishment imposed upon William Lyon Mackenzie, who was sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment in the State prison, for 18 hours, and a fine of $10, has also been remitted.

INCREASE.—It is stated that four hundred and twelve buildings have been completed since the 1st of January, or are now in progress of erection in St. Louis. Among the number are several churches, the new hotel, and the Court House. The cost of the whole cannot be under 500,000 dollars. It is computed that St. Louis will invest in buildings this season near $1,500,000; and still rents are very high, and almost ruinous to the tenants.

INDIAN MURDERS IN FLORIDA.—The Tallahassee Floridian, of May 2d, confirms the report of the murder of Mr. McLeod's family on the Telogee by the Indians. Mrs. McLeod's throat was cut and her three children beaten to death with the knots. Her son, a lad of sixteen, defended himself in the house and shot one of the Indians, who attempted to burn the building. Mr. L. returned in the evening to witness the sacrifice of his family.

NARROW ESCAPE.—Two of the children of the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, of Hardy County, Va. in attempting, a few days ago, to cross the rapids of the Capecapkon river, on a temporary foot bridge, fell into the water. Both, it is said, would have perished, but for the timely and heroic exertions of Mr. Lewis Cline, who plunged in after them and saved the lives of the children at the risk of his own.

MORNING.—The St. Louis Gazette gives the following additional facts on the subject of the killing of the steamboat Bedford:—A gentleman named Hughes had in his room, the gentleman, who was on board, and was not seen in the morning. It is thought that there may be 15 or 14 lives lost. One gentleman lost his trunk, in which there was $900 in specie.

MURDER WITH RUM.—On Sunday, the 3d inst. a number of persons at a tavern in Brookfield, Tioga county, N. Y. gave a colored man, named Adam Jones, a bottle full of liquor in quick succession. He drank them off, and was half an hour was a corpse. His murderers were not troubled by the authorities.

A SINGULAR DEATH.—A young lady, Miss Mary Patten, was killed in Petersburg last week while riding in a gig, the wheel of which accidentally struck against a post. She was thrown out with such violence as to cause instantaneous death. Before they could be extricated, Miss Patten was so much injured that she expired in a very short time.

DAMAGE AT NEW ORLEANS.—A part of the Levee, opposite New Orleans, broke in on the night of the 30th ult. doing a great deal of damage to the houses in the neighborhood, and carrying off dome outbuildings, &c. About thirty houses are standing in water from four to ten feet deep. No lives were lost.

THE BRITISH QUEEN.—This elegant packet will probably arrive the beginning of next week. Our commercial and other relations with England are now of so important a character, that we look with more anxiety for foreign intelligence than we do for that of events which are daily passing around us.

SMALL STOCK.—We are informed by a gentleman who crossed the Catskill mountains on Saturday, that a violent snow storm from the north-west prevailed there for about an hour. The tops of the mountains were covered to the depth of several inches and looked as white and dreary as in the depth of winter.

DROWNED.—A man by the name of Hardman of Newark, was drowned in the canal at Bloomfield, N. J. on Friday night. He had travelled to the latter place on the canal, and accidentally fell in. He leaves, we understand, a wife and several children.

FUNERAL.—Funeral parties from Pittsburg up the Monongahela, to the Falls of St. Anthony, are getting quite common. The steamboat Pennsylvania started on a pleasure trip last week having also on board a company of United States soldiers for Fort Leavenworth.

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FIRE.—The cooper shop of Mr. Matthew Arnest, near the Canal, in Clintonville, Ohio, with its contents, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday morning last. The loss is estimated at $1200. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

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RUMOR.—It is rumored at Toronto, U. C. that Sir George Arthur will shortly leave Canada for England, and that the Governor General will assume the direction of the two Provinces.

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A SEA DOG.—Captain Waite, of the packet ship England has just completed his 144th trip across the Atlantic.

GREAT HAIL STORM.—A very violent and destructive storm of wind and hail, passed over Decatur county, Pa. five miles east of Greensburg, on the 23d of April. Two or three farms were much injured. A great deal of large timber was thrown down, and nearly all the fencing. The hail fell to the depth of several inches and destroyed almost every thing grown, many of the hail stones being two inches in diameter.

Financial Record.

CONNECTICUT.—Gov. Ellsworth's Message to the Legislature of Connecticut represents that the State is free from debt, and has, besides, $18,844 in the Treasury. The School Fund amounts to $2,040,000; the dividend made last year $163,345, which has been divided among 92,676 children. The State Prison is in a flourishing condition; number of convicts, 168; profits last year, seventy-seven hundred dollars. The militia number 40,000 men, who are generally well armed and equipped.

BANKING.—The Governor of New York has ordered the Bill to require the banks and bankers of the State of New York, except those in the cities of New York, Albany and Brooklyn, to redeem their notes in New York or Albany, at a rate of discount not exceeding one half of one per cent. The law takes effect on the 1st of July next.

SPECIE.—The packet ship Poland, which sailed from New York on Monday, for Havre, took out $60,000 in specie.

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.—The Weekly Museum says: The efficacy of this elegant preparation in restoring the growth of the hair on bald places, is truly wonderful. Where the hair has been worn off from the top of the head, by the careless practice of carrying things in the crown of the hat, it is generally considered difficult if not impossible to restore it, but it is found by numerous examples that the Hair Tonic Pomade, when used perseveringly, and rubbed in freely, will in most cases very promptly, and effects a complete cure. Every gentleman—as say nothing to the ladies, it being a fair presumption that their hair is all restored to its "native" growth—should place a bottle of Jayne's Hair Tonic in his dressing case, and apply it with a fine tooth comb to his head every morning. The result will be a full, strong, and healthy head of hair. The cases that have been cured by the use of this preparation would fill the room of the whole entered be under 500,000 dollars. It is computed that St. Louis will invest in buildings this season near $1,500,000; and still rents are very high, and almost ruinous to the tenants.

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ALMANAC.

MAY, 1840.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	MOON RISES	MOON'S AGE
10 SUNDAY,	4 32	7 16	1 36	
11 MONDAY,	4 31	7 17	2 36	
12 TUESDAY,	4 30	7 18	3 36	
13 WEDNESDAY,	4 29	7 19	4 36	New 1 1 3
14 THURSDAY,	4 28	7 20	5 36	2 2 4
15 FRIDAY,	4 27	7 21	6 36	3 3 5
16 SATURDAY,	4 26	7 22	7 35	Full 4 4 6

Philadelphia Post Office.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

	ARRIVE	CLOSE
Eastern offices at	11 A M	12 M
New York at	4 P M	5 P M
	11 P M	12 M
Southern,	11 A M	12 M
Western,	11 A M	12 M
	5 P M	6 P M

MARRIED

On the 10th of March, by the Rev. J. C. Clay Mc Donald, Mr. Peter Mc Mary Mc, both of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. J. K. Rodgers, Mr. Hannah Chalkley, to Miss Rebecca Ann Hutchinson, all of Upper Dublin township, Montgomery county.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. Gardner Colton, to Miss Mary Ann Hall, all of this city.

At Washington, Delaware, on the 7th inst. by Edward Wilson, Esq. Mr. N. C. Hall, to Miss Sarah Ann Wilson, all of Zanesville, Ohio.

On Thursday evening, the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Christian, Mr. Samuel Hall, to Miss Elizabeth Ann Hall, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Christian, Mr. Thomas Hall, to Miss Margaret Ann Hall, all of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Christian, Mr. Joseph Hall, to Miss Mary Ann Hall, all of this city.

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THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

MESSRS EDITORS :—The following hasty lines were suggested by a conflagration, which occurred in the winter season at J—— Town New Jersey, a place endeared to the Author, by many delightful associations.

'Twas midnight ! and the village slept
With scarce a sound to break its sleeping,
Save the wild wind which o'er it swept,
Or now and then a *baby weeping*.

Some had retir'd oppress'd with care,
Some with their hearts elate with gladness,
Some with a vacant listless air
A kindred to corroding sadness.

Some dream'd of years when in their way
The freshest flow'rs of life were springing ;
Some of the cares which round them lay,
And every passing hour was flinging.

Some dream'd of grizzly Ghosts and then
Waking ! they gaz'd—then sunk to slumber,
Some of the faithlessness of men,
And breath'd reproaches without number.

Some thought 'twas summer, and that they
Were on the beach at " Manahocking,"
Some that with gallant steeds and sleigh,
And friends—they were to Greenwood flocking.

But one fair Maiden " Julia " dream'd
Of crossing o'er the Alleghaneys,
In a stage Coach with those who seem'd ;
Scarce less than Lunatics or Zanies.

She in her sleep would laugh and talk
'Bout ragged turnpikes ; broken bridges,
A moon at Pittsburg, and some walk
She took on Cattskill's mountain ridges.

At times she'd raise her head and lay
Her little gold deck'd hand upon it,
Exclaiming " *Stop ; stop ; driver pray,*
" Your low roof'd coach will spoil my Bonnet."

Anon she'd heave a heavy sigh
Murmuring " *Ah me I'm sick of roving,*
" Would that my own dear home was nigh ;
" Without it earth has nought worth loving."

And thus it was *all* were asleep,
Some dream'd, and *some* were past all dreaming ;
When sounds like tempest on the deep
Were heard and with them children screaming.

Then came the thrilling cry of " Fire"
Loud shrieks of " Help" and timbers crashing,
Footsteps which never seem'd to tire
Were onward ; onward ; wildly dashing.

Some now near frantic scarcely stirr'd,
Some lay upon their pillows gazing
Some list'ning to the sounds they heard,
At length beheld a dreadful blazing.

Then flew they to the windows for
Like phrenzied furies fiercely raging,
On came the elemental war
In triumph ;—scorning all assuaging.

Some dressing first—soon hurried down,
Some downward hurried without dressing,
That is complete—no shawl or gown
For instance would have been distressing ;

Some flung to earth with frantic airs,
Their looking-glasses, crock'ry, novels,
But carried in their arms down stairs
Bed ; bed steads ; hand irons, tongs and shovels.

Some left their all—and sought the street
Some wildly seiz'd the things most cherish'd,
Then on their thresholds stood to meet
The worst ;—and *there alone* had perish'd.

Some children scar'd or wanting food
Ran bawling after bust'ling mothers,
While others barefoot—trembling stood,
Screaming for sisters, pa's and brothers.

Large piles of things in open air,
Bureaus and broken looking glasses,
Were thrown together here and there
And sentinel'd by shiv'ring lasses.

Shiv'ring I say because 'twas cold
And lasses—for the lads were braving
Dangers, when flaming billows roll'd
And still *more* treasur'd objects saving.

Blankets were spread upon the tops
Of houses, and whole floods of water
Hurl'd on the fire in bounteous crops,
Until it seem'd t'implore for quarter.

Quarter was giv'n—for Jersey foes,
Ne'er crush'd an enemy expiring,
As Monmouth's battle field still shows,
To any one at all enquiring.

But clust'ring near the sinking fire,
Like them—but honourable foemen,
They watch'd the flickering flames expire
Calmly as life when watch'd by woman.

And then at length all perils past,
Some were seen toward their home retiring ;
While others linger'd to the last,
The beauty of the scene admiring.

When day broke, nought was seen where stood
Lov'd dwellings yesterday—but masses,
Of bricks, stone, iron and splinter'd wood,
With fragments round of broken glasses.

Philadelphia, May, 1840. OLD VIRGINNY.

SIMPLICITY.—A little unbreeched fellow, the idol of his mother, and plague of his father, went to the post-office and inquired if there was a letter for his " *Drampa* " (grandpapa.)

" For whom ?" inquired the Postmaster.

" For drampa," answered the little fellow.

" Well, what is your grandpapa's name ?"

" Why dranmama calls him Josh."

" Well, what does your grandfather call her ?"

" He says, ' Oh thunder, Bets, do keep your clack still for once.' "

The Postmaster, baffled by the urchin's simplicity, dismissed him with the request that he should return home and ask his *Dranmama* her name.

HIGH.—A downeaster recently came to New York, and took lodging for the night at one of what might be called the *high* houses. Telling the waiter that he wished to be called in the morning, for the boat, both of them proceeded "on their winding way" upward, till having arrived at the top of the eighth flight of stairs, when Jonathan caught the arm of his guide, and accosted him : —' Look here, stranger ! if you intend to call me at six o'clock in the mornin,' you might as well dew it now ; as 'twill be that time *afore I can git down agin*.'

QUIETNESS AT LAST.—A bickering couple, residing near Manchester, were recently overheard in high controversy, and the repentant Benedict exclaimed, " I'm determined I'll have one quiet week with thee !" " But how wilt thou get it ? how wilt thou get it ? how wilt thou get it ?" said his taunting spouse, with that " iteration" which married ladies so provokingly practice—" I'll keep thee a week after thou'rt dead !" was the tender rejoinder !

DANCING.—" I am an old fellow," says Cowper, in one of his letters to Hurdis ; " but I had once my dancing days as you have now, yet I could never find that I could learn half so much of a woman's real character by dancing with her as by conversing with her at home, when I could observe her behaviour at the table, at the fireside, and all the circumstances of domestic life. We are all good when we are pleased ; but she is the good woman who wants no fiddle to sweeten her."

A SMALL MISTAKE.—The Picayune states that a big beggar woman, with two children was creating quite a sensation of laughter in that city, by presenting to the humane a man's petition, specifying that both *his* legs were broken, &c. &c. The wags " never let on," but laughed, and let her go on with her document, from place to place.

INTERPRETING.—An Irishman being asked whether he did not frequently converse with a friend in Irish, replied—" No indeed ; Jemmy often speaks to me in Irish, but I always answer him in English." " Why so ?" " Because you see I don't want Jemmy to know that I understand Irish."

DIGNIFIED.—The editor of a " down-east" paper is endeavoring to elevate pumpkins to a more dignified standing. He calls them " domestic citrons."

UMBRELLA.—An article which, by the morality of society, you may steal from friend or foe, and which for the same reason, you should not lend to either.

SHARP.—" Zounds, fellow !" exclaimed a choleric old gentleman to a phlegmatic matter-of-fact person, " I shall go out of my wits." " Well, you wont have far to go," was the sardonic reply.

GETTING INTO HOT WATER.—When a man scolds his wife and catches the contents of the boiling tea-kettle.

LOVE.—Love is feeble only when it fears : it is resistless when it acts.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

THE GAMBLER'S QUARREL.

" Come, gentlemen," cried the banker, " there is still a stake or two to be made up.

The players sat motionless, looking at each other, but made no reply.

" I make the rest, sir," said Alfred, unconcernedly, willing to try whether the sad forebodings with which his mind had been haunted during the day, had the slightest foundation. And then, without further thought on the subject, he leaned against the door of the saloon, searching among the crowd of faded forms, resplendent with jewellery, features heightened with rouge, and eyes sparkling with artificial lustre, for the charming little head, and the sweet look of his lovely Marietta. The harsh voice of the banker recalled the young sailor from his reverie.

" You have won, sir," said he, in a sharp and grating tone. And the banker pushed toward him a heap of gold.

" I ?" said Alfred, approaching the table, " nay, but that cannot be possible."

" He refuses," cried one of the players, leaning his elbow on the table, and grasping with his eyes the glittering pile of Louis d'ors.

" Psha ! are such things ever refused ?" sneeringly cried another.

The young sailor cast a rapid glance at the players, whose eyes were all fixed upon him, and addressing the banker, said, " This, sir, I take it, is a joke. It is quite impossible that all this can belong to *me*."

" But it is all yours, sir," replied the banker, in the same cold tone—adding, with a bitter smile, " You held the bank, and the cards pay !"

" Then, gentleman," exclaimed Alfred, " the deal is void."

A prolonged murmur of astonishment ran through the assemblage.

" I was not aware that I was playing for so high a stake," continued the young seaman, " and had I lost, most assuredly I would never have paid."

The banker was a man, as yet in the prime of life, but grown old before his time by care and frequent watchings, and indulgence in the baser passions ; with livid, hollow cheeks, and a restless and cunning, though sunken eye, imparting to his looks a character at once false, forbidding, and sinister. " Ah !" said he, leaning back in his chair, his pallid lips curling with a faint laugh of scorn and derision. " Indeed, young gentleman ! but you would most certainly have paid it, though ; and that too in good hard Louis d'ors, such as these, or in powder from the royale arsenal !"

Alfred made a convulsive spring backward. " Liar !" he exclaimed, in a hollow voice.

The banker sat motionless ; but his thin lips quivered with suppressed emotion ; the same sardonic smile still played on his features, but their paleness had faded to a yet more livid and ashey hue. In an instant the players were on their feet, and grouping round the two actors in this strange and unexpected drama. Alfred was standing up, his hands convulsively clenched, his eyes dilated, and his whole figure shaking with rage. The banker, on the contrary, was rocking himself easily backward and forward in his chair, and casting round on the spectators a look of self possession and complacency, at the same time playing with the pile of gold heaped up on his right. " Sir," said he, at length, measuring Alfred from head to foot, with the coolest effrontery, " It is more than probable you do not know who I am ; that indeed is to me sufficiently clear. And as for these gentlemen here," he added, with a wave of his hand toward the spectators, " I have every reason to suppose that knowing them, you would not have taken it upon yourself to give me the lie in their presence. Pray, sir, what may be your name ?"

" Insolent fellow !" cried Alfred, with concentrated indignation.

" Just as it may please you," replied the banker with imperturbable calmness. " Then you are equally unacquainted with *my* name. I have the choice of weapons, sir. Now 'tis as well you should know, that the Izard-hunter of these mountains is not more sure of his rifle, than I am of my pistol."

This was said distinctly, coolly, and with an air of conviction that caused a shudder among the spectators. The man was really frightful, with his measured phrases, and *his sang froid*. The players listened to him, one and all, with a kind of dread ; Alfred himself was scarcely proof against it.

" You have a mind to frighten me !" said he, very impatiently.

" I ! not in the least," replied the methodical banker, with apathetic indifference, and the same cold sneer and smile of duplicity. " But I cannot feel it in my conscience to assassinate you." And so saying, he felt slowly in each of his pockets, from which he drew at last a small rifle barreled pistol, which he placed before him on the table. A death like silence pervaded the whole room.

" There, sir !" he continued, turning directly opposite to the young sailor, and crossing his legs, as though he was about entering on the most common-place conversation imaginable ! " This is the best thing I have to propose ; indeed, it is all that I can possibly do, in order to accommodate matters. Bring the dice," he continued, in the same tone of voice, turning half round on his chair—" and shut that door."

The door of the play room was closed, the dice placed upon the table. The sound of the orchestra and of the festive ball, only reached the room as a suppressed and distant murmur. " Now, then," said he, " here we have dice and a pistol ; the highest thrower kills the other. We shall settle it thus, eh ?"

The young sailor approached the table, seized the dice-box in mere desperation, shook it with convulsive energy, cast one furtive glance toward the ball room door—and threw ! As if bowed by an electric shock, every head was simultaneously bent over the cloth—the action of this terrific drama had passed so rapidly—the *denouement* was so near at hand, that one could scarcely believe in the reality of the atrocious scene thus enacting without noise or interruption, around that accursed table. The banker in a loud voice reckoned up the points.

" Six and six are twelve, and one—thirteen : a good throw, a *very* good throw, upon my word, young gentleman—a good throw !" He took up the dice, replaced them in the box, and with an air of the coolest effrontery, addressed the spectators, " Thirteen !" he exclaimed, " a very good point !—but it's always an unlucky number. Come, gentlemen, who bids fifty louis d'ors on me. Fifty louis on the life of that gentleman yonder !" he continued, fixing his eye with a malignant and deadly glare on the young lieutenant, who quailed involuntarily beneath it.

The players turned pale and remained silent.

" Well, then," said he, with a smile, " as there seems to be no bet, here's for myself"—and the dice rolled upon the table. " Fifteen. You have lost, sir. A pity, too, with so good a point ; the affair, gentlemen, was well contested, at all events. So then, sir, your life belongs to me. Are you ready ?"

All present drew back in terror. The banker, still stretched out in his chair, was quietly engaged in adjusting the lock and carefully examining the priming of his pistol.

" I am ready," replied the young man, standing motionless before him.

" A little more room if you please, gentlemen," said the banker, at the same time bowing to the spectators, and motioning them with his arm to stand on one side.

They obeyed mechanically, gaping with mute astonishment, each vacant face paralysed with a stupid stare and betraying nought save a feeling of instinctive dread. The banker, with his arm resting on the table, and his head supported in his left hand, took a steady aim at the young lieutenant.

" Fire," exclaimed Alfred, uncovering his breast, his countenance beaming with intrepidity and unshrinking resignation. The banker withdrew his hand, and raised his head. The spectators breathed once more. This unnatural scene has been protracted too long, and for an instant there was hope. " We have not chosen seconds," he remarked. " But as for that matter," he added after a moment's silence, " these gentlemen may serve as witnesses in case of need." He levelled again and fired. The young lieutenant lay gasping on the floor in the last agonies of death.

" The cards pass, gentlemen," cried the banker, as he laid the pistol still smoking on the table.

The Last Blow is Given.

The last blow is given,
The arrow is sped—
The sweet tie is riven,
The sweet hope is dead ;
For wild was our error,
For mercy to spare ;
They teach me, in terror,
That thou wert too dear.

Yet parting's no sorrow,
If tears speak for grief ;
In vain would I borrow
From weeping relief ;
My eye balls are aching,
Yet tears will not fall—
Yet all are forsaking—
Thou, too, more than all.

All leave me that cherished—
I wander alone ;
Thy hope too has perish'd,
Thou storm stricken one ;
Divided forever,
By mountain and sea,
I dream again, never,
Of meeting with thee.

From cloud to cloud leaping,
The tempest is hoarse ;
Its wing o'er me sweeping,
I fear not its force ;
Let the bright shaft of heaven
Once shatter the oak,
The high tree thus riven
Needs no second stroke.

From the Echo de l'Orient of Feb. 15.

The Last Moments of Lady Hester Stanhope.

It was midnight. I was aroused from sleep by a loud knocking at my door. On opening it I found a gigantic negro, with his bridle in his hand, and large big tears coursing each other down his ebony cheeks. " For God's sake come, sir, and save Lady Hester—come quick, or you will be too late !" Within a few minutes I was galloping on the road to Djouni ; and on entering Lady Hester's chamber I found her lying on her couch, at the head of which sat her faithful negress, weeping bitterly.

" Zaira," said the lady, " let my big mare be saddled, let my guards be ready, and tell the brave fellows that I will be ready to lead them on to Jerusalem."

" Alas, my Lady ! these are not fitting thoughts for a death-bed."

" Insensate Zaira ! I on my death-bed ! I, whose brow is encircled with a golden halo, which will last as long as the world ! I who shortly am going to mount the throne of Jerusalem ! Avaunt ! I banish you from my presence."

I then advanced, and my patient immediately began enumerating to me her myriads of combatants who were to follow her to the throne of Jerusalem. I suggested that her present state of health would not allow her to take so long a journey. She attempted to reply, but sank exhausted on the couch.

An old man covered with rags entered—here is his history.

In 1800 Pierre Louis Lustanos left France for the East Indies. Penniless and friendless, but possessing some slight military knowledge, he arrived at Lahore, and served with great credit under Runjeet Singh. In 1820, feared and beloved by all, he had amassed an immense wealth in gold and diamonds. A considerable portion of this he left with his wife, the Princess Cachucea. Loaded with riches, he left Lahore for Europe ; but just as the ship arrived off Gibralter she was wrecked, and his wealth was swallowed up by the waves. Nothing was left except a diamond worth 600*l.* on which he lived until 1825, when Runjeet Singh called him to Lahore. One day he fancied that the Almighty had commanded him to adopt the life of a hermit, and since that period he lived as a rigid anchorite. At length he left his cell to share the palace of Lady Hester, whose affections he had gained, but they soon quarrelled, as both were aspirants to the throne of Jerusalem. Since that period he has wandered about, subsisting on the bounty of Lady Hester, who carefully concealed the hand that administered to his want.

It was this old man, Lustanos, who now entered the chamber of death. The Lady's countenance was lit up with a smile for a few seconds ; she then sank down upon her couch, and all was over.

The Bore.

The Bore never dies ; that is, he never has the decency to know when he ought to die. He ever lives to the latest moment, and mostly enjoys his faculties up to the latest breath. Sometimes he may become deaf, but that is of little consequence to himself, and is no relief to others. Unhappily, he is never dumb until coffined.

In fact his health is, for the most part, absolutely *odiously* good. Where he to fall ill, and give his friends a respite, he would conceive his vocation gone. Nay, he prolongs his life and your torments by rising early and going to bed late. He is a great traveller, too, for go where you will you are sure to meet him. Should you take a journey to the North Pole to be out of his way, he would be certain to be the first person you would meet there.

Not being ever nice, the Bore fastens himself upon you, as an oyster to a rock. He is your only leech, your true blood-sucker ; but with this woful difference, that you cannot make him let go his hold by sprinkling salt upon him. Do you hope to check him by the coldness of your manner ?—He mistakes it for resignation, and sticks to you the more pitilessly. Do you get into a passion ? He smiles at your mistake. Tread on his corns even ; he will shift his place, but renew his story. Bolt him out at the door, he'll return by the window to tell you something which he had forgot.

The Bore is a great reader, otherwise how could he weary you by talking on every conceivable subject ; for the same reason, there is no language that he has not a smattering of. And whenever he begins his attack by assuring you that he is about to tell a most laughable story, you must prepare for a fit of suicidal melancholy as the result.

No lynx has a surer sight than the Bore ; no race-horse is swifter, no hunter is surer of foot. He never forgets persons or names. Be you a mile off, you are a ruined man ; and, by the time you have jumped a hedge, in order to effect your escape, he will be at the other side to receive you. Should he be owner of a country-house and garden, and catch you near, you are a lost mutton.—He won't spare you a visit to each part of his domain, together with its history, down to the pig-sty.

On the other hand, if, like *Dogberry*, he has had " losses," the Bore is the most intolerable of his species. Each time you meet him you have to hear the history of his misfortunes, not bating a single day. He takes your groans for sighs of pity and thanks you for your commisseration by a shake of the hand at each. And he redoubles his attention to particulars to reward your sympathy ; never dreaming that you consider his wife's elopement from him, the desertion of his children, and the cutting of him by all his friends, as the most natural events in the world.

The Bore will tell you that he never knows what it is to be at a loss for employment ; you know it to your cost.

Never flatter yourself that you can escape the Bore when he has marked you down as his victim, or that you can shake him off. He is ubiquitous as T——, and persevering as fate. In vain you turn away your head ; he holds the poisoned cup, and you must drink it.

You have only one privilege of which he cannot deprive you—you may pray for his death !

CLIMATE.—I have remarked that, as a general rule, people are contented with the land they live in, but not with the weather ; and the reason is plain, because the former is permanent, and we adapt ourselves to it ; the other uncertain.

Ladies' Department.

The Wedded Life.

BY MRS. STANFORD.

I may perhaps startle you Effie, by saying that the first year of a young woman's wedded life, is generally the most unhappy, and the most trying one she experiences. However intensely we may have studied the character of our affianced, however well we may have imagined we know it in all its narrow windings, still shall we find, when we become wives, that we have yet something to learn. By sections are the affections on either side shown, and although it is in the power and nature of a woman to manifest her devotedness by a thousand little attentions, she must not repine if she receives not the like.

The feelings of the other sex are not so soft and exquisite as those of our own—if they were we might possibly be happier, and we may for a moment wish that they were so, but we shall restrain so selfish a desire, if we reflect how much more unfit they would be by such a constitution to bear the crosses and buffets of the world.

It is said that lovers' quarrels are but the renewal of love, but it is not so in truth. Continued differences and bickerings will undermine the strongest affection, and a wife cannot be too careful to avoid disputes upon the most trivial subjects—indeed it is the every day occurrences which try the love and tempers of the married life—great occasions for quarrel seldom occur. Every wish, every prejudice, must meet with attentions, and the first thought of a woman should be the pleasing and providing for her husband. It is impossible to enumerate all the little incidents, which may annoy married men, or the little unobtrusive pleasures which it is in the power of a wife to give—but throughout her life in her employments, she must ever bear his pleasures on her mind. She must act for him in preference to herself, and she will be amply rewarded by witnessing his delight in her and his home. To a woman who loves her husband with all the devotedness of her nature, this will be a pleasure, not a task—and to make him happy she will never grudge any sacrifice of self.

The greatest misery a woman can experience is the changed heart, and the alienated affections of her husband, but even in that painful case she must not upbraid—she must bear with fortitude and patience her great disappointment—she must return good for evil to the utmost, and her consolation will be the consciousness that her trials have not their rise or continuance in any dereliction of affection or duty on her part.

Some women in order to win back the husband's wandering love, have recourse to attempts to arouse his jealousy—but they are much mistaken in pursuing such a method. A man, however debased his conduct, never entirely forgets the love he once bore to the bride of his youth—there are moments when feelings of tenderness for her will return with force to his heart, and to reap the benefit of such moments the injured forgiving wife must still be enshrined in the purity of former times. A husband will excuse his fault to himself, and in some measure, also stand exonerated to the world, if his wife relax in the propriety of conduct, while on the contrary, the gentle forbearance, the uncomplaining patience, and unobtrusive rectitude of the woman he injures, will deeply strike to his heart, and do much to win him back to his former love, and to the observance of the vows he breathed at the altar when his heart was devoted to the being from whom it has wandered. A kind look, an affectionate expression half uttered, must bring his wife to his side, and she must, with smiles of tenderness, encourage the returning affection, carefully avoiding all reference to her sufferings or the cause of them.

This will not be difficult, for virtuous women to perform. Our love which before marriage is constrained by the modesty and reserve natural to our sex, increases in fervency, and depth afterward—it enables us to bear unfelt the world's scorn, all is swallowed up in it. An affectionate wife clings to her husband through poverty and riches ; and the more the world recedes from, the more firmly will she stand by him ; she will be his friend when no others come near him, she will be his comforter when all other worldly comforts has slid from him. Her devotedness will be his rock, when he has no other support ; she will smile at the frowns of the world—she will not heed its censures—he is her all, and in love are all other feelings forgotten or absorbed. No sacrifice will be too great, the faintest smile will not be a reward too little—quick at feeling unkindness, we are also quick at feeling tenderness, and a very trifling circumstance is sufficient to awaken or to still the pain of our heart and bring us misery or happiness.

Thy Name.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

It comes to me when healths go round,
And o'er the wine their garlands wreathing
The flowers of wit, with music wound,
Are freshly from the goblet breathing ;
From sparkling song and sally gay
It comes to steal my heart away,
And fill my soul, 'mid festal glee,
With sad, sweet, silent thoughts of thee.

It comes to me upon the mart,
Where care to jostling crowds is rife ;
Where Avarice goads the sordid heart,
Or cold Ambition prompts the strife ;
It comes to whisper if I'm there,
'Tis but with thee each prize to share,
For Fame were not success to me,
Nor riches wealth, unshared with thee.

It comes to me when smiles are bright
On gentle lips that murmur round me,
And kindling glances flash delight
In eyes whose spell would once have bound me ;
It comes—but comes to bring alone
Remembrance of some look or tone,
Dearer than aught I hear or see,
Because 'twas worn or breathed by thee.

It comes to me where cloistered boughs
Their shadows cast upon the sod ;
Awhile in Nature's fane my vows
Are lifted from her shrine to God ;
It comes to tell that all of worth
I dream in heaven or know on earth,
However bright or dear it be
Is blended with my thought of thee.

GERMAN PUNCTUALITY.—An English traveller relates an incident to the following effect, in illustration of the fastidious punctuality observed by the Germans :—During a temporary residence at Mayence, he made a slight acquaintance with one of the inhabitants, of the name of Klopp. Though in practice a plain, straight-forward matter-of-fact person, he was nevertheless addicted, like the Germans in general, to abstruce studies. Subsequently, for the sake of the baths, the Englishman shifted his quarters to Ems, and was one morning sitting at breakfast, when a rapping at the door announced a visiter, and in walked Herr Klopp. After the usual compliments, it was inquired whether he had come to Ems for pleasure merely, or on account of his health. " For neither," replied the honest German, " my errand is to you, and I shall return home after I have paid off a little debt." " I am not aware," said the traveller, " that we had any pecuniary transactions whatever." " No," replied Herr Klopp, " not in money ; but if you remember, on such a day, (giving the day and date,) we passed each other on the Mayence Bridge. I had recently been reading Fichte, and my head was full of speculations ; so that, though conscious of your bowing to me, I omitted to return your salute. It is true that I recollected myself in the cattle market, and indeed pulled off my hat, but that hardly satisfied my conscience. So the end is, I have come to acquit myself of the debt ; and here it is——." And with all the gravity of a Prussian sentry presenting arms, the scrupulous German paid up the salute in arrear.

GOETHE.—Goethe is too artificial to be great. He has put on of late a factitious indifference and elevation, as though he were trying to carry out Pope's lines, and

" See with equal eye, as lord of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall ;"

and he flatters himself that his indifference to others' sorrows is fortitude in his own.

Juvenile Department.

Harriet's Sabbath.

" I am sure that I keep the Sabbath," said Harriet to herself, as she looked down into the street beneath her window, where several boys were sliding on the ice. " There are those wicked boys now, playing as if it were a week-day. Agnes," she continued, addressing an older sister, " don't you think I have kept this Sabbath holy ?"

Agnes laid aside the books which had been open before her, and drew the little girl into her lap, as she said.

" First tell me how you have spent the day my dear."

" Well, when I first woke this morning, I said my prayers and dressed, and then it was time for breakfast. After that, I studied my Sabbath School lesson, until it was time to go, and our Sarah came into the dining-room while I was there, and she said she never saw any little girl so careful to keep Sunday holy. She said that at Mrs. Jay's, where she used to live, the children were romping and playing about all day, and never thought of reading the Bible."

" But," said Agnes, " perhaps those children have never been taught to do any better. But you have parents who try themselves to do right, and who teach you that the Sabbath is God's own day, and should therefore be spent in his service. If you wished to play, they would not allow you to do so." Harriet felt quite sorry to hear this. She had been proud all day in the thought that she was better than Mrs. Jay's children, but the remarks of her sister seemed to place things in a new light.

" I am sure, Agnes, I should not play if they did not allow it. But I will tell you the rest. From Sabbath School I went to Church, and when I came home, I read in the Bible until it was time to go again in the afternoon, except the few minutes for dinner. Then you know that since meeting this afternoon I have been finding verses about angels—that is our Bible lesson for to-morrow, and I was determined to get more than any of the other girls. I have bit my tongue ever so many times when it was going to say something funny, and when George asked me how far it was to Washington, I told him I had rather talk of it some other day. And I feel very happy because I know that I have tried to be good."

" Yes," said Agnes, " you have tried and I am glad that you have told me all about it. But does God look upon the outward conduct or upon the heart ?"

" Upon the heart certainly," answered Harriet.

" And can you tell me if He has been in all your thoughts to day ?" asked Agnes gently.

Harriet's countenance suddenly fell.

" No," said she, " I have thought of a great many thing to day, and I know that they were not serious ones. Now I will tell you truly, Agnes, why I like to go to Church—but don't look at me, it seems as if your eyes could see into my heart. I like to think of all manner of things which might happen. Sometimes I do not hear a word the minister is saying. I get to thinking about beautiful things which I should like to have, and you can't think how delightful it is."

" Yes I can," said Agnes, " because I sometimes do so myself."

" You !" cried Harriet, starting up with surprise. Well, I declare I can scarcely believe it."

" I don't mean that I do so on the Sabbath," said Agnes.

" Oh, don't you ! Well, is it very wrong ?"

" I don't think it well to indulge in it any time, but it becomes decidely sinful on the Sabbath."

" I am sorry for it," said Harriet. " What shall I do then ? If I don't think of such things I shall have my head full of some other nonsense."

" You should listen to the *sermon*."

" Oh dear ! It is as full of long, hard words, as can be ! I can't understand preaching."

" If you try to understand and listen attentively to every word, you will find that you will soon be able to comprehend almost all."

Harriet shook her head doubtfully. There was a silence of several minutes. At last Harriet said,

" Agnes"—

" Well, my dear ?"

" I think I have broken every Sabbath of my life, just with sinful thoughts."

" I am afraid that we might all say so," said Agnes, seriously. " I know that the more anxious I am to do and to feel as I ought, the more evil thoughts seem to spring up in my heart. But papa, says, that this is because our very watchfulness makes us see what had before escaped our notice."

" Is there no way then," said Harriet mournfully, " to keep God's day perfectly holy ?"

" We cannot do it in our own strength certainly, but we can tell our Heavenly Father how weak and sinful we are, and entreat his help when we find our hearts leading us astray. He who commanded us to remember the day to keep it holy, has also taught us to pray.

Poland.

Poland !—at the mention of her name what mighty associations come thronging upon the mind ! Poland—the land of Sobieski, of Kosciusko, of Pulaski—the land of patriots and of heroes—Poland, who of old went forth, steelclad, the champion of Christendom, and rolled back from the plains of Europe the tide of Moslem conquest—Poland, the apostle of toleration, who laughed at the bulls and anathemas of Popes, when the haughty kings of England and France did homage for their crowns, and kissed the toe of his Holiness while he graciously trampled their diadems in the dust—Poland, in whose bosom the persecuted, of all creeds, found shelter and protection ;—though long since strangled beneath the grasp of tyrants—beheld now rising and bursting her chains—again trampled in the dust, weltering in her blood,—her locks clotted with gore, her brave sons in exile and chains, her daughters in sack cloth and woe—Poland, though trodden to the earth, thank God, is, in the language of her battle song, " not yet wholly dead !" She lives in the fame of her deathless heroes ;—proud memories of her speak to us from every page of her history ; her blood cries to us from a thousand battle-fields. She lives in the sympathies of the friends of liberty, in whatever clime they are found. She lives enshrined in the hearts of her exiled sons, and in that invincible spirit of nationality which binds together her scattered children, from the snows of Siberia to the savannas of the West. She lives in the retributive justice of the God of nations, whose wrath, though long restrained, shall not always slumber. Already are his bolts forged, and his arm is bared for vengeance. The cloud gathers over the devoted thrones of her oppressors ; and the lightning, red with the wrath of accumulated wrongs, shall burst in seven-fold fury upon the heads of her despots, God of justice, pour out the vials of thy wrath, and teach the nations that there is a Power above which still minds the affairs of men !

England and France are at length opening their eyes to the intrigues of the autocrat of the North. Already sensible of their shame in having looked tamely on, while Poland, strugling bravely with her fate, fell unaided before the myrmidons of despotism ; they now wait only for a plausible opportunity to redress her wrongs ; for they see in her re-establishment as an independent nation their only sure bulwark against the encroachments of Russia.

Let Poland take courage. Let her exiles gird on the sword, and be ready, when Liberty shall again, from the battlements of Warsaw,

" Unfurl her standard to the breeze of morn—
Peal her loud drum, and twang her trumpet horn,"

to draw for their country, and

" Strike for their altars and their fires,
For the green graves of their sires
God ! and their native land !"

The Fisher.

The water rose, the water swelled
A fisher sat thereby,
And quietly his angle held—
Chilled to his heart was he.
The water a dreamy motion kept,
As he sat in dreamy mood ;
A wave hove up—a damsel stept
All dripping from the flood.

She sang to him, she spake to him ;
" Why wilt thou lure away
My sweet brood by thy human art
To the deadly light of day ?
Ah ! knewest thou how happily
The little fishes live,
Thou wouldst come down, all as thou art,
And thy true life receive.

" Bathes not the sun with all his skies ?
Bathes not the moon by night ?
To breathe my dew awhile, then rise
All smiling doubly bright ?
And tempt thee not the deep, deep skies,
Here spread in watery blue ?
And tempt thee not thy own dark eyes,
Down through the eternal dew ?"

The water rose, the water swelled,
It wetted his bare feet ;
A something through his bosom thrilled—
He seemed his love to meet.
She spake to him, she sang to him,
With him 'twas quickly o'er ;
Half drew she him, half sank he in,
And never was seen more.

THE FIRST AND LAST DINNER.

The following powerfully written sketch appeared some years ago in Blackwood's Magazine. Though some of our readers may have seen it before, the greater portion of them have perhaps never met with it ; and those who have, will only re-peruse it with additional pleasure. It is one of those things which, like good wines, grow better by age.—*Editors of Post.*

" Twelve friends, much about the same age, and fixed by their pursuits, their family connexions, and other local interest, as permanent inhabitants of the metropolis, agreed, one day when they were drinking their wine at the Star and Garter at Richmond, to institute an annual dinner among themselves, under the following regulations : That they should dine, alternately, at each other's houses on the *first* and *last* day of the year ; that the *first* bottle of wine uncorked at the *first* dinner, should be recorked and put away, to be drunk by him who should be the *last* of their number : that they should never admit a new member ; that when one died, eleven should meet, and when another died, ten should meet, and so on, and that, when only one remained, he should, on those two days, dine by himself, and sit the usual hours at his solitary table ; but the *first* time he so dined alone, lest it should be the only one, he should then uncork the *first* bottle, and, in the *first* glass, drink to the memory of all who were gone.

There was something original and whimsical in the idea, and it was eagerly embraced. They were all in the prime of life, closely attached by reciprocal friendship, fond of social enjoyments, and looked forward to their future meetings with unalloyed anticipations of pleasure. The only thought, indeed, that could have darkened those anticipations, was one not very likely to intrude itself at this moment—that of the hapless wight who was destined to uncork the first bottle at his lonely repast.

It was high summer when this frolic compact was entered into ; and as their pleasure yacht skimmed along the dark bosom of the Thames, on their return to London, they talked of nothing but their *first* and *last* feasts of ensuing years.—Their imaginations ran riot with a thousand gay predictions of festive merriment. They wantoned in conjectures of what changes time would operate ; joked each other upon their appearance when they should meet—some hobbling upon crutches after a severe fit of the gout—others poking about with purblind eyes, which even spectacles could hardly enable to distinguish the alderman's walk in a haunch of venison—some with portly round bellies and tidy little brown wigs, and others decently dressed out in a new suit of mourning, for the death of a great-grand-daughter or a great-grand-son.

* * * * *

Their fifteenth anniversary came, and death had indeed been busy. One had been killed by the overturning of the mail, in which he had taken his place in order to be present at the dinner, having purchased an estate in Monmouthshire, and retired thither with his family. Another had undergone the terrific operation for the stone, and expired beneath the knife—a third had yielded up a broken spirit two years after the loss of an only surviving and beloved daughter—a fourth was carried off in a few days by a *cholera morbus*—a fifth had breathed his last the very morning he obtained a judgment in his favor by the Lord Chancellor, which had cost him his last shilling nearly to get, and which, after a litigation of eighteen years, declared him the rightful possessor of ten thousand a year—ten minutes afterward he was no more. A sixth had perished by the hand of a midnight assassin, who broke into his house for plunder, and sacrificed the owner of it, as he grasped convulsively a bundle of Exchequer bills, which the robber was drawing from beneath his pillow, where he knew they were every night placed for better security.

Four little old men, of withered appearance and decrepit walk, with cracked voices, and dim, rayless eyes, sat down, by the mercy of Heaven, (as they themselves tremulously declared) to celebrate for the fiftieth time, the first day of the year ; to observe the frolic compact, which, half a century before, they had entered into at the Star and Garter, at Richmond. Eight were in their graves ! Yet they chirped cheerily over their glass, though they could scarcely carry it to their lips, if more than half full ; and cracked their jokes, though they articulated their words with difficulty, and heard each other with still greater difficulty.—They mumbled, they chattered, they laughed, (if a sort of strangled wheezing might be called a laugh ;) and when the wines sent their icy blood in warmer pulse through their veins, they talked of their past as it were but a yesterday that had slipped by them—and their future, as if it were a busy century that lay before them.

They were just the number for a quiet rubber of whist ; and for three successive years they sat down to one. The fourth came, and then their rubber was played with an open dummy ; a fifth, and whist was no longer practicable ; *two* could only play at cribbage, and cribbage was the game. But it was little more than the mockery of play. Their palsied hands could hardly hold, or their faded sight distinguish, the cards, while their torpid faculties made them doze between each deal.

At length came the LAST dinner ; and the survivor of the twelve, upon whose head four score and ten winters had showered their snow, ate his solitary meal. It so chanced that it was in his house, and at his table, they had celebrated the first. In his cellar, too, had remained, for eight and fifty years, the bottle they then had uncorked, re-corked, and which he was then to uncork again. It stood beside him. With a feeble and reluctant grasp he took the " frail memorial" of a youthful vow ; and for a moment memory was faithful to her office. She threw open the long vista of buried years, and his heart travelled through them all :—Their lusty and blithsome spring,—their bright and fervid summer,—their ripe and temperate autumn—their chill but now too frozen winter. He saw, as in a mirror, how, one by one, the laughing companions of that merry hour, at Richmond, had dropped into eternity.—He felt all the loneliness of his condition, (for he eschewed marriage, and in the veins of no living creature ran a drop of blood, whose source was in his own ;) and as he drained the glass which he had filled, " to the memory of those who were gone," the tears slowly trickled down the deep furrows of his aged face.

He had thus fulfilled one part of his vow, and he prepared himself to discharge the other, by sitting the usual number of hours at his desolate table. With a heavy heart he resigned himself to the gloom of his own thoughts—a lethargic sleep stole over him—his head fell upon his bosom—confused images crowded into his mind—he babbled to himself—was silent—and when his servant entered the room, alarmed by a noise which he heard, he found his master stretched upon a carpet at the foot of the easy chair, out of which he had slipped in an apoplectic fit. He never spoke again, nor once opened his eyes, though the vital spark was not extinct till the following day. And this was the LAST DINNER !

The Farmer's Daughter.

There's a world of beauty flourishing in the shades of the country. Farm houses are dangerous places. As you are thinking only of sheep or of cards, you may be suddenly shot through by a pair of bright eyes, and melted away in a bewitching smile that you never dreamt of till the mischief was done. In towns, and theatres, and thronged assemblies of the rich and titled fair, you are on your guard : you know what you are exposed to and put on your breast plate, and pass through the most deadly onslaught of beauty—safe and sound. But in these sylvan retreats, dreaming of nightingales, and hearing only the lowing of oxen, you are taken by surprise. Out steps a fair creature, crosses a glade, leaps a style : you start, you stand—lost in wonder and astonishment, in admiration you take out your tablets to write a sonnet on the return of the nymphs and dryads to earth, when up comes John Tompkins, and says, " It's only the farmer's daughter !" What ? have farmers such daughters now-a-days ? Yes. I tell you they have such daughters—those farm houses are dangerous places. Let no man with a poetical imagination which is but another name for a very tender heart, flatter himself with fancies of the calm delights of the country ; with the serene idea of sitting with the farmer in his old fashioned chimney corner, and hearing him talk of corn and mutton ; of joining him in the pensive pleasure of a pipe, and brown jug of October ; of listening to the gossip of the comfortable farmer's wife ; of the parson and his family, of his sermons and his tenth pig—over a fragrant cup of young hyson, or lapping the delicious luxuries of custards and whipt creams ; in walks a fairy vision of wonderous witchery, and, with a curtsey and a smile of most winning and mysterious magic, takes her seat just opposite. It is the farmer's daughter ! A lively creature of eighteen. Fair as the lily, fresh as Maydew, rosy as the rose itself ; graceful as the peacock perched on the pales there by the window ; sweet as the posy of violets and " gilly gillivers," modest as early morning, and amiable as imagination of *Desdemona* or *Gertrude of Wyoming*. You are lost ! It's all over with you. I wouldn't give an empty filbert, or a frog-bitten strawberry, for your peace of mind, if that glittering creature be not as pitiful as she is fair. And that comes of going into the country, out of the way of vanity and temptation ; and fancying farm-houses only nice oldfashioned palaces of old-fashioned contentment.

The History of Human Life.

How truly does the journey of a single day, its change and its hours, exhibit the history of human life. We rise up in the glorious freshness of a spring morning. The dews of night, those sweet tears of nature, are hung from each bough and leaf, and reflecting the bright and myriad hues of the morning. Our hearts are beating with hope, our frames buoyant with health. We see no cloud, we hear no storm, and with our chosen and beloved companions clustering around us, we commence our journey. Step by step the scene becomes more lovely, hour by hour our hopes become brighter. A few of our companions have dropped away, suddenly we have entered upon a new country. The dews of the morning are exhaled by the fervor of the noonday sun, the friends that stand with us are disappearing. Some remain, but their looks are cold and estranged ; others have become weary, and have laid down to their rest ; but new hopes beckon us on. The scene is more glorious and brilliant, but the beauty and freshness of morning have faded, and forever. But still our steps fail not, our spirits droop not. Onward and onward we go ; the horizon of happiness and fame recedes as we advance to it ; the shadows begin to lengthen, and the chilly airs of evening are usurping the fervor of noonday. Still we press onward, the goal is not yet won ; the haven not yet reached. The bright orb of hope that had cheered us on, is sinking in the west, our limbs begin to grow faint, our hearts to grow sad ; we turn to gaze upon the scenes that we have passed, but the shadows of twilight have interposed their veil between us ; we look around for the old and familiar faces, the companions of our travel, but we gaze in vain to find them ; we have outstripped them all in our race after pleasure ; and the phantom yet unsought, in a land of strangers, in a sterile and inhospitable country, the night time of death, and heavy laden, we lie down to rest in the bed of the grave. Happy, thrice happy is he who hath laid up treasures for himself for the distant and unknown to-morrow.—*Robert M Charlton.*

HERDER.—Herder is a man of vast intellect ; in fact, he sees so much that he gets dazzled and confused ; as a giant would distinguish only masses, and see individuals imperfectly.

Farmers' Department.

The Agricultural Interest.

Few persons are aware, we apprehend, of the comparative vastness of this interest in most nations, or of its consequent national importance in a mere physical and financial view. Some light may be had on this point by comparison of statistics—such, for example, as we find ready furnished by that excellent paper, the " Albany Cultivator," (late Judge Buel's, and now his son's,) being derived, we believe, from a letter of James McQueen, addressed to Lord Melbourne, on the subject of the Corn Laws. This is good authority, and upon the strength of it we have the following remarkable schedule of the produce of British Agriculture :

Grain of all sorts,	£[illegible]
Potatoes,	[illegible]
Hay, Grasses, Turnips, Straw,	[illegible]
Natural Pasture	[illegible]
Butchers Meat, Pigs, Poultry, Game, etc.	[illegible]
Fisheries, Food, &c.	[illegible]
Products of the Dairy, Vegetables and Fruits	[illegible]
Allowed for Consumption of Farmers in some articles not enumerated,	[illegible]
Wool, Hops, Seeds, Flax, Hemp and Timber	[illegible]
Mines, Minerals, Coals, etc.	[illegible]
Total Produce of British Agriculture	£[illegible]

We next come to the capital vested in and the charges on the manufacture of the United Kingdom. These are stated to amount, in the aggregate to £[illegible]
And their total produce per annum, [illegible]
The whole capital vested in Agriculture, £[illegible]
In Manufactures, [illegible]

or *fifteen to one in capital, and double in produce*, with this farther superiority, that in the agricultural capital it is all fixed and real. Agriculture, it is aptly remarked, expends nothing abroad, while manufactures pay to foreigners £10,000,000 annually, for raw materials.

Then as to another important interest, the commercial. We are told that the total exports for 1838 amounted,

To foreign countries	£[illegible]
To her colonies, to	[illegible]
	£[illegible]

Thus, then, as the Cultivator remarks upon these data, British Agriculture pays most of the burthens of the government, supports a privileged clergy, and contributes more than thirty millions of dollars annually to her poor-rates, while its products exceed in value *more than fourteen times* the whole amount of British exports to foreign countries, although her commerce exceeds that of any other nation. This agricultural capital is fixed and abiding, too, while the commercial and manufacturing are subjected to many contingencies.

Applying these facts to our own condition, it is believed to be susceptible of demonstration that our agricultural capital, and our agricultural products of manufactures and commerce, overbalance the capital and products of manufactures and commerce, at least as much as they do in Great Britain, and there are obvious considerations to induce one to suppose the superiority may be still greater.

PREMIUM TEETH.—The subscriber has received from the AMERICAN INSTITUTE, of New York, and from the FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, of Philadelphia, at their last Exhibitions, the HIGHEST PREMIUMS for the BEST MINERAL INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.
CERTIFICATES from gentlemen of the highest standing in the profession, attesting their superiority, may be seen at his office, No. 160 Pine street, Philadelphia.
SAMUEL W. STOCKTON,
jan 25—1y MANUFACTURER OF INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY, South West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufactured prices.
Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.
A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.
nov 1 '39—tf R & W WILSON.

JUST PUBLISHED—POCKET ÆSCULAPIUS, or EVERY ONE HIS OWN PHYSICIAN. Being practical observations on diseases of the Generative System, with a concise Anatomical Review of its Organs, and a Physiological account of their functions, together with remarks on the more probable cause of local and general debility, with many interesting observations and remarks occurring in a most extensive practice. To which is added,
A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin, by William Young, M. D. Member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, &c. &c. published by the Author, and sold at No. 33 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, and Booksellers generally.
" This little important Treatise is replete with practical and scientific information ; we can conscientiously recommend its serious perusal to those who suffer from the maladies on which it treats. Such a work as Doctor Young's has long been a desideratum with a numerous class of patients, to whom its easy and popular style will not fail to recommend itself, and we venture to predict that this very judicious and well timed Surgical Essay will, ere long, become a manual in the hands of the afflicted."—*Reporter.*
A comprehensive exposition of the nature and treatment of all diseases of the generative system, whether the result of contagion, hereditary causes, or the wear and tear of human life, from the simplest urethral disturbance to the severe state of local debility and irritation, where, by the invalid may conduct his case, without the knowledge of his most intimate friend.
MARRIAGE. ALSO BY THE SAME AUTHOR, ON MARRIAGE. Its intent, obligations and Physical and constitutional disqualifications. Medically considered, with an Exposition of the Structure and purposes of the Reproductive System ; the hereditary transmission of qualities, and the accidents and infirmities incident to YOUTH, MATURITY AND OLD AGE.
The subjects are illustrated by a variety of highly interesting cases and diagrams.
Persons at a distance can have either of these publications sent to any part of the United States, Canadas, West Indies, &c. by inclosing a one dollar note on any solvent bank, or eight copies for five dollars, addressed to WM. YOUNG, Philadelphia. oct 31—1y

WORMS, WORMS, WORMS. To remove these troublesome and dangerous inhabitants of the Stomach and Bowels, which so often impair the health and destroy the lives of children, use Dr. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, a certain and safe preparation for the removal of the various kinds of Worms, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Want of Appetite, Infantile Fever and Ague, and debility of the Stomach and Bowels and organs of digestion.
Prepared only by Dr. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents. ap 11—3m

CASH FOR COCOONS.—THE MODEL FILATURE ASSOCIATION, chartered by the State of Pennsylvania, with a capital of 20,000 dollars, is now ready to purchase and pay cash for all the Cocoons which may be offered, whether whole Cocoons or those from which the moths has eaten out. The filature is established at No. 390 Market street, between Eleventh and Twelfth streets. The prices at present given for Cocoons is from THREE to FIVE DOLLARS per bushel, and for the pierced Cocoons, 75 cents per bushel. Cocoons will not be received to reel on shares, nor will they be purchased by weight.
[illegible]
A pamphlet containing an exposition of the objects of the Association, with the charter, constitution and by-laws, may be obtained without charge at the Filature.
mar 14—6m

SLEEPER & BROTHERS. Sleeper & Brother have associated with them their brothers, ISRAEL SLEEPER & EDWIN SLEEPER. No 118 Market street, Philadelphia. Extensive Manufacturers of SILK, GINGHAM & COTTON UMBRELLAS, PLAIN AND FANCY PARASOLS. Comprising every variety of style and embellishment, which they continue to manufacture as well as sell as low as any house in this market and excepting the *very latest* " CHEAPEST " or any other.
Patent Folding Umbrellas, especially for travelling.
jan 12 '39—tf

AGRICULTURAL PUBLICATIONS.—Warranted Garden and Field Seeds. The subscribers offer for sale at their Seed and Horticultural Warehouse, No. 97 Chesnut street, above Third. The following approved new Agricultural Publications, viz:
[illegible]
McMahon's American Gardener, new edition, [illegible]
Bridgeman's Gardener's Assistant, just published, [illegible]
[illegible]
Wiih numerous other standard publications of the first quality. Warranted Vegetable Garden, Grass, Field and Flower Seeds of the first quality.
HIRST & DREER
Jan 11—tf Nursery and Seedsmen.

CONSUMPTION, COUGH, SPITTING BLOOD, &c. TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Four fifths of you are really suffering from neglected Colds, or an Obstruction and consequent inflammation of the delicate lining of those tubes through which the air we breathe is distributed to every part of the lungs. This obstruction produces pain and soreness, hoarseness, cough, difficulty of breathing, hectic fever, and a spitting of blood, matter or phlegm, which finally exhausts the strength of the patient and ends in death. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT never fails to remove this obstruction, and produces the most pleasing and happy results. It is certain in its effects and cannot fail to relieve. Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia. ap 11—3m

CLOCK ESTABLISHMENT. Smith & Brothers, 71 Bowery, New York manufacturers and dealers in clocks of every description, respectfully inform dealers, that they are prepared to furnish a superior article of CLOCKS, Time Pieces, and Regulators at their establishment in N. York, or at H. M. Richard's wholesale Jewelry store No. 9 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, where an extensive assortment of all kinds will be kept for sale at the lowest factory prices. The assortment consists of Eight Day Brass and Wood Clocks, Thirty Hour do. of various styles and prices, also Alarm Clocks and Time Pieces. Watch Makers Regulators, Gallery, Bank and Office Clocks and Time Pieces, also Church Steeple or Town Clocks to suit one or four part of hands and strike the hour. Prices from 200 to 600 dollars. mar 21—tf

MOSUS MULTICAULIS. The subscriber is anxious to exchange Real Estate for Morus Multicaulis.
CHARLES CADWALLADER.
mar 28, 1840. No. 300 Market street.
N. B. Wanted experienced silk worm feeders.

FOR SALE IN GERMANTOWN, a dwelling house and lot of land, formerly the property of John Fry, deceased, having 31 feet front on the Main street of Germantown, and extending back of equal width 104 perches and contains 58 perches of land. The improvements are a two story stone dwelling house 24 feet front by 21 deep, with two rooms and an entry on each story, kitchen adjoining the cellar under the whole ; a well of good water with pump in it near the kitchen door. This property is situated nearly opposite the bank of Germantown, in one of the pleasantest parts of the village. For terms apply at the office of the Saturday Evening Post. feb 22—tf

LEATHER STORE, No. 77 Chesnut street, between 2d and 3d street. The subscribers have constantly on hand all kinds of FINISHED LEATHER, at wholesale and retail, suitable for boot and shoe makers, saddlers, harness, and coach makers, book binders, hatters &c. &c.
mar 7—3m CHAMBERS & HENDRY.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT always cures ASTHMA. Two or three large doses will cure the CROUP or HIVES of Children, in from fifteen minutes to an hour's time. It immediately subdues the violence of WHOOPING COUGH and effects a speedy cure. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable with Consumption, Cough, Spitting of Blood, and other pulmonary affections, have been restored to perfect health by it. It never fails in giving relief. Prepared by Dr. Jayne, No. 20 south Third street, Philadelphia. Price $1.00.
ap 11—3m

WAR ! WAR ! ! WAR ! ! ! The wigmakers have declared hostilities against our neighbor, Dr. Jayne, on account of his HAIR TONIC, which is knocking all their business into a " cocked hat." Ladies and gentlemen, old and young, are flocking to the Doctor's standard. Hair is long divested of even the first rudiments of hair, after using his Hair Tonic, soon appear with new and flowing locks, which Absalom himself might have envied. [illegible]
What will be the consequence of this war we know not, as the wiggers are outrageous, and the Doctor remains firm, and declares that " some things can be done as well as others" and that bald heads may as well wear their own hair as that of other people.—*Weekly Messenger.*
It may be had of Dr. Jayne, No. 20 south Third st. Philadelphia. Price $1. ap 11—3m

TO THE AGENT, No. 19 North Eighth street.
Dear Sir—There is a rare medicine which I am anxious should be introduced into the public prints to proclaim to the world its virtues, as that of DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY. [illegible]
Office for the sale of this medicine is at 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! You who have Little Children suffering from the effects of Teething, [illegible] DR. PARIS' CELEBRATED SOOTHING SYRUP, which gives immediate relief to those " little ones" that will almost inevitably at this period. [illegible] " LITTLE CHILDREN" have been saved from that fatal ravager, CONVULSIONS, by the timely use of the above invaluable Medicine.
Be careful and purchase only at the MEDICAL OFFICE, No. 19 NORTH EIGHTH STREET, and of regular agents.
[illegible]

COLDS & CONSUMPTION. Dr. Swayne's COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY is found by the afflicted generally to be the best article that has yet been discovered for removing the seat of those diseases. This Syrup gives immediate relief ; causes the phlegm to rise free and easy, at the same time giving strength to the system. For sale at No. 19 North EIGHTH Street.

SA[illegible]

VOLUME X[illegible]

Master Humphrey[illegible]

THE CLOCK-[illegible]